

COURT POEMS.

PART II.

✓ 12,

The Dream: Or, *Melesinda's* Lamentation
on the Burning of her Smock.

II. The Hyde-Park Ramble.

With some other PIECES.

Written by a LADY.

To which are added,

The Worms a *Satire*.

I. A Version of the First Psalm: For the
Use of a Young LADY.

London:

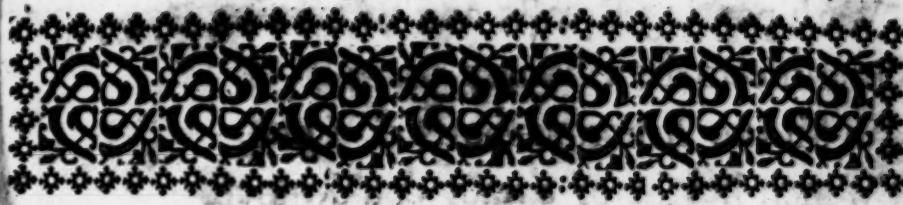
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Where may be had, The First Part of COURT-
POEMS, viz. I. The *Basset-Table*. II. The
Drawing-Room. III. The *Toilet*. Price 6 d.

A. Sept. 1716.



1851-91



MELESINDA's Lamentation on the Burning of her Smock.

TIR'D with the busines of the Day,
Upon her Couch supinely lay
Fair *Melefinda*, void of Care,
No living Creature being near :
When strait a calm and gentle Sleep
Did o'er her drowsy Eye-lids creep.
Her Senses thus by Fetters ty'd,
By nimble Fancy were supply'd ;
Her quick Imagination brought
Th' Ideas of her waking Thought.
She Dreamt her self a new made Bride,
In Bed by Young *Philander*'s side ;
The Posset eat, the Stocking thrown,
And all the Company with-drawn :
And now the bless'd Elizium
Of all her wish'd-for Joys is come ;
Philander all dissolv'd in Charms,
Lies raptur'd in her circling Arms.

A

With

With panting Breasts and swimming Eyes,
 She meets the visionary Joys :
 In all the Amorous sports of Love,
 Which height of extacy cou'd move.
 But as she roving did advance
 Her trembling Legs (O dire Mischance !)
 The Couch being near the Fire's side,
 Sh' expanding them (alas) too Wide ;
 Expos'd her neithermost Attire
 Unto th' embraces of the Fire :
 So the chaste *Phœnix* of the East
 With Flutt'ring, Fire's her spicy Nest ;
 So *Semele* embracing *Jove*,
 Burnt both with Fire, and with Love.
 The Flames at first did trembling seize
 The dangling Hem of this lost Prize ;
 But finding no Resistance higher
 (As 'tis their Nature to aspire)
 Approaching near the seat of Bliss,
 Center of Earthly Happiness,
 Which more of real Pleasure yeilds
 Than all the feign'd *Elysian* Fields,
 But Ignorance must now excuse
 The silence of my bashful Muse ;

Her Modesty had ne'er the face
 T' ascend above her gart'ring Place :
 But, doubtless, 'twas a lovely sight
 The Fire beheld by its own Light.
Ovid oft wish'd himself a Flea,
 That (so Transform'd) he might survey
 His Love all o'er, and uncontroll'd
 Her ev'ry Grace and Charm behold :
 Had *Ovid*'s Flea been there to Night
 I fear he'd had but small Delight,
 His rival Flames had spoil'd his Bliss,
 And made him Curse his *Metamorphosis*.
 At last the Flames were grown so rude,
 They boldly ev'ry where intrude :
 They soon recall'd the Ladies Sense,
 And chac'd the pleasing Vision thence.
 Soon as her Eyes recover'd Light,
 She strait beheld the dismal sight ;
 Beheld her self a blazing Star,
 Or bright-tail'd Glow-worm, to appear.
 She had not time to meditate
 Upon the strangeness of her Fate ;
 But was confin'd to lay about,
 To beat the impious Fire out,

The Am'rous Flaries were loath to go,
 They kiss'd her Hand at every blow ;
 And round her Ivory Fingers play,
 And seem'd as if they beg'd to stay.
 Vanquish'd at last, they did retire,
 And in a gloomy smoke expire ;
 When viewing of her half-burnt Smock,
 Thus to her self the sad Nymph spoke.
 " Is this th' effect of Dreams ? Is this
 " The Fruit of all my fancy'd Bliss ?
 " Misfortunes will, I see betide,
 " When Maidens ope their Legs too wide ;
 " Had I but kept my Legs across,
 " I and my Smock had had no Loss.
 " Thus ought I to have took more heed,
 " For ne'er had Virgin greater need ;
 " My Kindness and my little Care
 " Have left me scarce a Smock to wear.
 " Some have been Beg'd, some have been Burn'd,
 " All are to Clouts or Tinder turn'd.
 " Two Smocks last Night the Flames surpriz'd,
 " And in the Flasket Sacrific'd ;
 " Others I did on Friends bestow,
 " Not Dreaming I should Want them now ;
 " But

" But I cou'd bear the Loss of them
 " Had not the Fire disturb'd my Dream.
 " There is a saying Frights me too,
 " But Heaven forbid it shou'd be true ;
 " That when a Virgin Burns her train,
 " So all her Life time She'll remain.
 " I dare not be of this belief
 " For shou'd I, I shou'd Die with Grief,
 " Live always here, a Nun-like Life,
 " And never, never be a Wife ;
 " Never enjoy a Marriage Bed,
 " Nor lose a hated Maiden-head.
 " Ah, cruel Flames ! You're too unkind
 " To bring these Fancies to my Mind !
 " Down, down, into your Native Hell,
 " In your own blazing Regions dwell ;
 " Vex me no more, let me possess
 " My Linnen, or my Dream, in Peace.

(Luck,

Thus the poor Nymph bewail'd her treacherous
At once to lose so good a Dream, and Smock.



A Version of the First PsALM.

For the Use of a Young Lady.

I.

THE Maid is Blest that will not hear
 Of Masquerading Tricks,
 Nor lends to Wanton Songs an Ear,
 Nor Sighs for Coach and Six.

II.

To Please her shall her Husband strive
 With all his Main and Might,
 And in her Love shall Exercise
 Himself both Day and Night.

III.

She shall bring forth most Pleasant Fruit,
 He Flourish still and Stand,
 Ev'n so all Things shall prosper well,
 That this Maid takes in Hand.

IV.

No wicked Whores shall have such Luck
 Who follow their own Wills,
 But Purg'd shall be to Skin and Bone,
 With *Mercury* and *Pills*.

V.

For why? the Pure and Cleanly Maids
 Shall All, good Husbands gain;
 But Filthy and Uncleanly Jades
 Shall Rot in *Drury-Lane*.

—
M.

R

I

A



A

TALE OF THE FINCHES.

I.

IN Ancient Days when *Birds* cou'd speak
 As plain as *Men* do now,
 And learned Sayings us'd to break
 From ev'ry Hedge and Bough.

B

II.

II.

When Birds of Gravity and Sense,
 Proceeded on Debates,
 And Talk'd like Statesmen in defence
 Of *Churches* and of *States*.

III.

In these good Days there liv'd a SWAIN
 Of Honest, Bounteous Mind,
 Bold, Resolute, Sincere, and Plain,
 And much to Birds inclin'd,

IV.

Impartial to the Feather'd Race,
 Each Morning as He walk'd,
 He bid 'em taste his Plenteous Grace,
 And heard 'em as they talk'd,

V.

V.

A BULFINCH there, among the rest,
 Black-headed, thin, and long,
 He often in his Walks caress'd,
 And lift'ned to his Song.

VI.

This BULFINCH was a Bird of Parts,
 And of a Solemn Tone,
 But often spoil'd some just Deserts,
 And lov'd to Sing alone.

VII.

Three SWAINS already he had seen
 Possessors of the Grove,
 And ne'er first Fav'rite Bird had been
 And yet he always strove.

VIII.

All other Birds he oft accus'd,
 And said with open Throat,
 Each honest SWAIN must be abus'd
 By Birds of such a Note.

IX.

The *Redbreast*, and the wicked *Crow*
 As he was sad or civil,
 Were his alternate Friend or Foe,
 And either *God* or *Devil*.

X.

Stiff, Formal, Positive, and Loud
 For those with whom he sided,
 Against, and for the SWAIN he vow'd,
 And oft the Grove divided.

IX.

XI.

To Party-Birds of ev'ry Name

Whom he before had scorn'd,

He flew regardless of his Fame

And like a ROBIN turn'd.

XII.

Yet still he urg'd some grave pretence

And with long Reasons spoke,

That all he did was in Defence

Of the SWAIN's Sacred Oak.

XIII.

This Oak an Ancient goodly Tree

Deep Rooted in the Earth

Blessing the Grove by Heavens Decree,

Was hallow'd at its Birth.

XIV.

XIV.

From Time to Time each Master SWAIN
 Delighted in its Shade,
 And daily with the *Holy Train*,
 Beneath its Branches pray'd.

XV.

The BULFINCH knew the Feather'd Train
 Of softest, sweetest Tongue,
 All lov'd alike the Oak and SWAIN,
 And to their Glory sung.

XVI.

He therefore forms a new Design
 To make Things disagree,
 And by his Politicks disjoin,
 The SWAIN and Fav'rite Tree.

XVII.

XVII.

The *Blackbirds* of the loudest Tone,
 And Pil'ring *Crows* he Courts,
 The *Goldfinch*, *Chaffinch*, were his own
 And fit for any Sports.

XVIII.

ain Thus with the *Birds* his Party made,
 From Tree to Tree he Spoke,
 And Sigh'd, and Groan'd, and much display'd
 The *Danger* of the *Oak*.

XIX.

The swelling Bud on ev'ry Spray
 He nipp'd with fatal Stroke,
 And made each op'ning *Flower* his Prey,
 But still He lov'd the *Oak*.

XX.

To ev'ry SWAIN that held the Grove,
 He sometimes seem'd a Friend,
 And told 'em Tales of wond'rous Love,
 But spoil'd 'em in the End.

XXI.

The present SWAIN of better Soul
 Than all who went before him,
 The BULFINCH fancy'd to cajole
 By trying to Adore him.

XXII.

It happen'd that a mighty Feud,
 The Party-Birds had made,
 Which if not Timely now Subdu'd,
 The SWAIN must be Betray'd.

XXIII.

(9)

XXIII.

The cruel *Vulture*, *Rook*, and *Crow*,
Together had combin'd,
Each sworn the *Dove's* eternal Foe
To Ruin all the Kind.

XXIV.

At early Dawn thro' half the Grove,
The fierce Devourers flew,
The gentle Birds before 'em drove,
And all they caught, they Slew.

XXV.

The *Linnet*, *Lark*, and ey'ry Bird
That scorn'd their servile Yoke,
They us'd like *Doves*, and gave the Word
The *Safety of the Oak*.

XIII.

C

XXVI

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III.

C

XXVI

(10)

XXVI.

The SWAIN beheld with inward Grief,
This Insult on his Sway,
And hastning to his Friend's Relief
He seiz'd the *Rebel Prey*.

XXVII.

This done: He all the Feather'd Race,
To solemn *Council* draws,
To them refers the foul Disgrace,
And bids them judge the Cause,

XXVIII.

The Birds with one Consent ordain,
To vindicate their *Lord*,
And well avenge the Traitor Train,
By Justice' sacred Sword,

XXIX

XXIX.

This ACT confirm'd by ev'ry Vote,

And ready now to pass,

The BULFINCH rais'd a doleful Note,

And cry'd *Alas! Alas!*

XXX.

‘ For Mercy Birds of ev'ry Beak,

‘ (Oh! may the SWAIN but grant it,))

‘ Shou'd very long, and loudly speak,

‘ For sure all Birds may want it.

XXXI.

‘ Mercy a Virtue is so high,

‘ And of so certain Glory,

‘ Its Praises reach beyond the Skie,

‘ As you may read in Story.

XXXII.

‘ A Sacred Book I oft have read,
 ‘ By Hopkins John Translated,
 ‘ Where it is very plainly said,
 ‘ The Cruel Man is hated.

XXXIII.

‘ A hundred places I can quote,
 ‘ Of Captive Foes in Fight,
 ‘ Who yet as I can show by rote,
 ‘ Were all releas'd at Night.

XXXIV.

‘ It is enough to Beat, and Take,
 ‘ Then give them Bread and Water,
 ‘ Dismiss these so, for Heavens sake,
 ‘ Regardless what comes after.

XXXV.

XXXV.

‘ Saint *Austin* in a Book he wrote,
 ‘ Before his *Retraction*,
 ‘ Affirms the *Devil* himself he thought,
 ‘ Might once enjoy *Salvation*.

XXXVI.

‘ O *Mercy, Mercy*, what a *Show*,
 ‘ Of thee I well could paint !
 ‘ Forgive a *Sinner*, and he’ll grow,
 ‘ Most certainly a *Saint*.

XXXVII.

‘ Unlucky *Proverbs* some have made,
 ‘ Of *saving Thieves from Halter*,
 ‘ But yet what Author ever said,
 ‘ But *Proverbs* still may alter ?

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

‘ Proverbs themselves are Sayings Wise,
 ‘ Not much unlike my own,
 ‘ That mine may change before your Eyes,
 ‘ The BULFINCH oft has shown.

XXXIX.

‘ Beside, reflect most Righteous SWAIN
 ‘ How much you may provoke,
 ‘ By this relentless bloody STAIN,
 ‘ All lovers of the OAK.

XL.

‘ The lovely OAK for many Years
 ‘ Has fenc’d her Sons around,
 ‘ And not one drop of Blood appears
 ‘ About her Sacred Ground.

XLI.

XL.I.

These Rebel Birds, if they say true
 ' (And you have heard their Story,)
 ' Did all the Oak with Honour view
 ' Rebelling for her Glory.

XL.II.

If now these Birds you will not spare
 ' And with my Voice agree,
 ' Who shall in future Ages dare
 ' To Guard the Favourite Tree?

XL.III.

O ! Give them Mercy gentle SWAIN
 ' Tho' much against the Law,
 ' I swear no Rebel Bird again
 ' Will ever stir a Claw.

XL.IV.

XLIV.

‘ Then let the *Birds* of equal kind
 ‘ To me this *Grace* afford,
 ‘ To beg the *SWAIN* with suppliant Mind,
 ‘ To spare each *Rebel* *Bird*.

XLV.

He spoke ; the better *Birds* who long
 The *BULFINCH* had suspected,
 Contemn'd his vain delusive Tongue,
 And all his *Notes* rejected.

XLVI.

The *Goldfinch*, *Chaffinch*, and the rest,
 False Lovers of the *OAK*,
 His *preaching Gravity* careft,
 And chuckl'd as he spoke.

XLVII.

XLVII.

When now the Swain by Nature kind
 Yet sensible of wrong
 Thus to the Birds express'd his Mind
 In Words sincere and strong.

XLVIII.

“ I know how deep this Rebel Crew.
 “ Have laid their Traytor Train
 “ The Schemes and Projects they persu'd
 “ To foil my peaceful Reign.

XLIX.

“ Ill they repaid their Masters Good
 “ But have their Nature shwon,
 “ By seeking first my Subjects Blood,
 “ They aim to spill my own.

D

L. “ Can

L.

“ Can wicked *Vultures* who are sworn
 “ Mine, and our lasting Foe,
 “ To firm Obedience e'er return
 “ And peaceful Subjects grow.

LI.

“ Their Vows and Promises are vain,
 “ While now they Mercy want,
 “ They know they hate both OAK and SWAIN,
 “ And will those Vows recant.

LII.

“ To plead their Cause, is to request
 “ My Honour to betray,
 “ To own I am your Lord in jest
 “ And give my *Right* away.

LIII.

LIII.

“ If to your selves you cruel are
 “ And would to Ruin run
 “ Think not your Lord will *Rebels* spare,
 “ And see you all undone.

LIV.

“ To Love the Good, Preserve the Just,
 “ And hold a steady Reign
 “ To punish Pride, and breach of Trust
 “ Becomes a lawful SWAIN.

LV.

“ The BULFINCH still may Cant and Whine
 “ About the SACRED OAK,
 “ I see the shallow poor Design,
 “ And he shall feel the Stroke.

LVI.

“ Henceforth in Parties let him range,
 “ And either Love, or Feign,
 “ A Bird of various Notes may change
 “ But can’t disturb my Reign.

LVII.

“ But here I thus his Fate ordain
 “ Where e’er he’s pleas’d to rove
 “ The BULFINCH now and all his Train
 “ I banish from the Grove.

LVIII.

Thus spoke the SWAIN — the other Birds
 Approv’d what he had said ;
 The BULFINCH felt the killing Words,
 And hung his Pensive Head.

F I N I S.

...
M

23

W

Jud

And



TO

Sir SAMUEL GARTH,

ON

Mr. WALPOLE's Sickness.

Apollo's Favourite, hear Britannia's
Prayer
While she commits her WALPOLE to thy Care,
Judge of thy Skill the lovely Goddess stands
And fearless trusts her Safety in thy Hands,

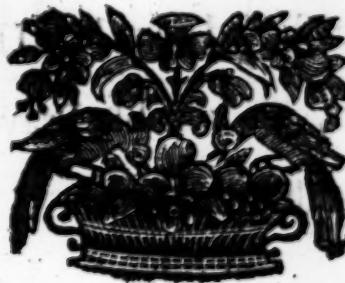
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 ' And set my Monarch, and my Sons at ease,
 ' Elude the Royal Tombs, and mock the Ga
 ' Of URIM's Temple † hasty for his Fate,
 ' For when ripe Virtue into Glory grows
 ' It ever reaps the Curses of my Foes,
 ' His and his Countries Enemies are one,
 ' And they who wish him lost, wish me undon
 ' But Thou, my Son, wert born by just succ
 ' Thy lov'd Britannia, and her friends to ble
 ' Alike thy Muse and healing Arts engage
 ' To disappoint an impious *Factions* Rage,
 ' So did thy Skill before give *Envy* pain,
 ' When HOLLES felt new life in every Vein,

† Westminster Abbey.

fea^l and Loyalty with him reviving sprung,
 se, the *Graces* siml'd again, the *Mases* fung.
 Ga^l Such now to WALPOLE be thy happy Aid
 Be both thy Friendship, and thy Art display'd,
 And may thy PHOEBUS smiling from above
 Cull out the pow'rful Herb and Thou approve,
 Again the Darling of his Country raise,
 And take a Monarchs, and a Nations Praise.

See! PHOEBUS smiles, and prosper all thy Cares,
 My WALPOLE lives, and MORTIMER despairs.

April 6th
 1716.



ON

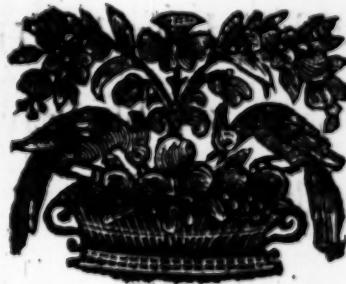
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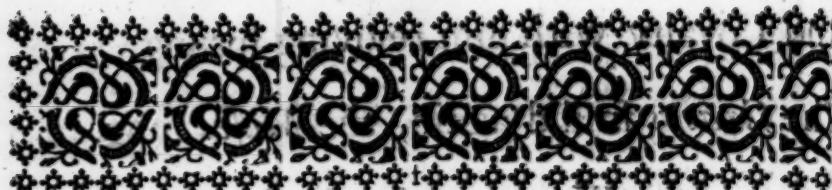
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ON



ON
Mr. WALPOLE's Recovery

By N. R O W E, Esq;

*Reddere Victimam
Ædemq; votivam memento. Hor. Lib. 2. Ode 1.*

I.

WHEN sad Britannia fear'd of late
Her WALPOLE's near approach
Wou'd prove her own undoing,
She beat her Breast and rent her Hair,
And offer'd many an humble Prayer
To save her self from Ruin.

II. Lib

(53)

II.

Like other Sinners now she strove
 To pacify offended Jove With the sacrifice of Rams, Ives, &c.
 And come to Terms with Heaven,
 An hundred other Lives for this,
 And let Death pick them where he please With a hand
 She frankly wou'd have given.

III.

Judges she offer'd one, or two,
 And Bishops more, if they wou'd do For a Pint
 The Rage of Fate to couzen,
 Lords were so cheap they might be had,
 At the same Rate they had been made,
 Ev'n by the good round Dozen.

IV. She

IV.

She vow'd if WALPOLE might be spard
 The Land, of Rascals shou'd be clear'd,
 And purg'd from all Offences,
 But frail are Sinners promises,
 And Vows of Victims, all, like these,
 Are made in Future-Tenses.

V.

Howe'er the Gods, who *Patriots* bless,
 Took Pity on her sore Distress,
 And willing to relieve her,
 Bid *ÆSCULAPIUS* step to Earth
 And put on *Blackmore, Mead or Garth*,
 To rid him of his Feaver.

VI. But

(3)

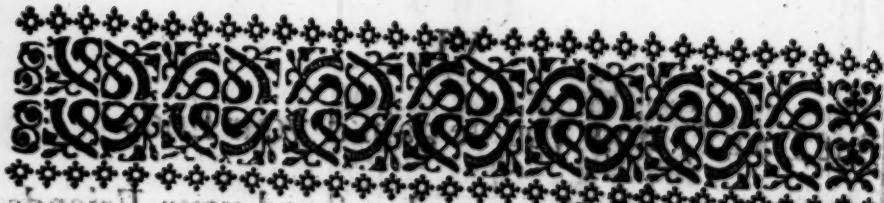
VI.

But LADY, now you've gain'd your Ends
Think on those Powers that stood your Friends
And what it is you owe 'em,
To such a favour from the Skies,
Not Hecatombs of Rogues suffice,
Tho' now you shou'd bestow 'em,

VII.

The Vows which your Affliction made
Shou'd in your better times be paid.
And I must tell you fairly,
Were you to Obligations true,
Twou'd be the least thing you cou'd do,
To hang up honest HARLEX.

ODE



I like our little Powers that hood our Friends

O D E

To

H Y G E I A.

By *Mrs. CENTLIVRE.*

BEST of all our earthly wealth,
Everlasting Charmer, Health,
Blooming Goddess far more gay
Than the flow'ry Meads in May.

* *The Goddess of Health.*

When the airy Warblers meet
 Than thy Voice their Songs less sweet,
 When thou dost thy Sight refuse
 Gold and Jems their value lose,
 Take Thy downy joys away
 And no other joy will stay.
 Wanting Thee what Monarch knows
 Taste of power, or sweet repose,
 To enjoy *Thee*— is to live,
 Thou dost all our Blessings give,

II.

Great HYGEIA lend an Ear
 Britannia's pray'r vouchsafe to hear
 Britannia on thy Aid relies,
 Help or else her WALPOLE dies,

Tho' thou'ſt frequent cause to blame,
 The Old Ungrateful fickle Dame,
 Yet preserve her *Patriot's* life,
 In compassion to his Wife.
 Calm the tempeſt in that Breast,
 Where great WALPOLE wont to reſt.
 Bid those Eyes their ſtreams forbear
 Whose look gives Pleaſure ev'ry where
 Hear us *Health's* great Goddess Hear.

III.

Our Pray'rs prevail--- the Satesman Lives
 Behold the Deity arrives,
 And Health again to WALPOLE gives.
 Britannia's Welfare to reſtore,
 Oh may He never want it more.



THE P A T R I O T S.

I.

T OWNSHEND and STANHOPE, sit at
Helm,

And Heaven to Bless the King and Realm,
Has length'ned WALPOLE's Span.

Three Glorious *Patriots* yet more true
Than *Rome* or *Sparta* ever knew
Since first those States began.

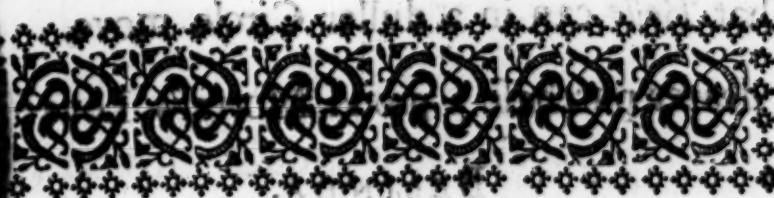
II.

For **WALPOLE**'s death the Popish herd,
 As constant as the Day appear'd,
 Sent up their Prayers to **MARY**,
 For to her **SON** they seldom pray,
 Since taught by *Rome* the other way,
 They never can Miscarry.

III.

But now they utter loud Complaints
 And curse all Male and Female Saints,
WALPOLE still lives, their curb.
 And four long Years at least must come
 E're *French* Pistoles, and friends to *Rome*
 Our Liberties disturb.

THE



They need **T H E** *isneM* a fool ball.

R A M B L E.*

*between BELINDA a Demy-Prude,
and CLOE a Court-Coquette.*

CLOE.

TELL me **BELINDA**, why your constant
care
tends the Needle, or the Book of Pray'r.

This **POEM** was compos'd to please some **Satyristal**
rt-Ladies. The Story is too well known among the
tu Monde to want a Key. The best Lines in it are taken
in FONTAINE, and a fam'd Female **Wit** assisted in
Translation.

What

What *Belle* can in a duller Circle move,
Or dearer purchase a proud Mortal's Love?

BELINDA.

Had such a Mortal, CLOE, been your Lot,
The *Belle* 'ere this had all her Airs forgot.
Had Sacrific'd her Pride to such a flame,
And lost the *Coquette* in a Careful Dame,

CLOE.

My Airs forgot! — and for a Nauseous Spouse,
Who'd doom me Prisoner to his hideous House,
No, let these Eyes still dart destructive Fire,
And in that flame let Sighing *Beaus* expire.
While you stitch Holland for your Spouse's Cap,
Or Nurse the Monster, when he gets a Clap.

BELINDA.

— BELINDA. old and young

Nay, now my CLOE, you are too Severe,
To point your *Satire* at my easie Dear.
Since, Faithless Nymph, you taught him first
to rove;

Witness *Hide-Park*, and its too Conscious
Grove !
Wilely you led him to a thick Recess;
The Cracking *Whale-Hoops* did the Rest con-
fess.
Oh fatal *Ramble* ! Now I find too late,
For whom, false CLOE, you prepar'd the Bait.

CLOE.

Did I for this my Garter'd B— disdain,
Th' Alluring Dessert, and the bright Champaign?
When he, still aiming at his former Station,
Gave to *Favillia* a Grand Collation.

Braun's

Braun's was the House. — Where many a
 Fav'rite Toast Has found a Lover, and her Honour lost.
 Beware, ye Beller, of Braun's luxurious Skill !
 Of B--- beware; B---'s pointed Eyes can kill.

And shall then Tunbel B---s late Honours bear?
 Tunbel, a Brute to each obliging Fair !
 Yet Tunbel's polish'd for a Courtiers life
 Oh the vast Merit of a Beauteous Wife !
 What can't she do, who could Old Surly fire,
 And Am'rous flames in Flinty's Breast inspire ?
 When these faint Lilies are Marinus² Scorn,
 My Vice's Key shall Smutty's side adorn.

We

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We first beheld *Blightilla's* Roses fad,
E'er she was doom'd to live a Bridal Maid.

CLOE.

Nature's Nice store, and *Braun's* luxurious Art,
Conspir'd in vain to Captivate my Heart.

[“In vain *Cupid's* Bow bent with a Blue string,
“Shot many a Dart from a Brilliant-Ring.]

(As DORSET the Bard did once Merrily Sing.)

In vain the Wine had, kindled fond desire.

He Sigh'd, he Kneel'd, he Beg'd me to retire.

I whisper'd Reputation, and what not.

In short I jilted the vain Am'rous Sot,

To walk to *Paddington*.—Your Spouse, 'tis true,

I ask'd to *Ramble*,— but you tipt the Cue.

D

Oh

Oh think, BELINDA, how with Raptures fir'd,
 You prais'd the Lawns, the warbling Birds
 admir'd !

Think, how you shudder'd at the threat'ning
 Sky !
 Just, Just as *Lovely* in his Coach past by.
 His Coach he prest on your Unthinking Dear :
 " And may I (said he) presume to ask the
 " To breath in the Park, a much Serener Air ?
 Now you assume the *Belle*, and now the
Prude,
 To fire your Lover, and your Spouse delude.
 The Park you hate,—yet to the Lodge we drive ;
 Where we found *Witty* with fam'd *ATTY*'s
 Wife.

The

The Flow'rs, Birds, Breezes, and the shady

Grove,

'The Coldest Vestal might inspire with Love.

The Grove, the Breezes, and the warbling

Train,

Can't now invite you to attend their Strain.

Lovely, and *Yon* prudentially withdrew,

'Tis for a Spouse to tempt the falling Dew !

Your DUPE return'd.—The printed Couch told

Tales,

But why should we?—Since Nature still

prevails.





*An EPILOGUE written for
the late celebrated New PLAY
called the DRUMMER, but
not spoke.*

IF any *Briton* in this Place appears,
A slave to Priests, or superstitious Fears.
Let these odd Scenes reform his Brainsick No-
tions,

Or *BYFIELD*'s ready---to apply his Potions.
Those Wits Excepted, who appear'd so wise,
To Conjure Spectres from the vap'ry Skies.

A very

A very Po^{KE} (I'm told) may be afraid,
 And tremble at the Monsters, which he made.
 From dark misshapen * Clouds of many a Dye.
 A different Object rose to every Eye :
 And the same Vapour, as your Fancies ran,
 Appear'd a Monarch, or a Warming-Pan.
 Well has Friend WHISTON every Scene apply'd,
 And drawn th' unmeaning Meteor to our Side.

How will th' Accounts of that portentous
 Night,
 Give his late Majesty of Perth Delight ;
 When he shall hear, his Friends, (tho' now
 Opprest)
 With sharper Eyes, than their dull Neighbours
 blest,

* The late Meteor.

Beheld

Beheld two fancy'd Armies in Array,
 And that the Clouds were *Whigs*, that ran away.
 What tho' on Earth he never fac'd a Foe,
 And gave up every Fort without a Blow ;
 Yet never let the *Chevalier* despair,
 He still has *Troops*,— and *Castles* in the *Air*.

'Twere endless to relate the different shows,
 That in the *Midnight-Exhalations* rose.
 While every *Briton* gap'd with Wild surprize,
 And as he wish'd, interpreted the *Skies*.
 Some of our Heroes, if they tell us right,
 Near *Charing-Cross* beheld a Bloody-Fight.
 Of two fierce Amazons.— Who were they, ken ye?
 Why who but *Rochf---d*, and that *Tory* * *Fenny*.

* A Nick-Name of Mrs. *Fen---ck*.

They

They say our Heroine in this dreadful Wrack,
 Laid the Scots-Monster on her batter'd Back.

Whence we infer, the Nymphs of *Drury-Lane*
 Will, like their Sister, many Conquests gain.

While these at *Wyburn's* in *October Riot*,
 Nanny broils *Whigs*, and † *Beef-Stakes* for her
 Diet.

No farther luscious can Your Hearts regale,
 Than fat *Rump-stakes*.—And might my wish
 prevail,

Each *Beau* should have a Lick,--- at 0---d's
 Tail.

Some of you frown.---Why faith, she's some-
 thing stale.

† A Beef-stake-club kept at *Nanny Rock-ds.*



To the Ingenious Mr. MOORE, Author of the Celebrated Worm-Powder.

By Mr. P O P E.

HOW much, Egregious MOORE, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews, and Forms ?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All Human Race are Worms.

Man,

Man, is a very Worm by Birth,
 Proud Reptile, + vile and vain,
 A-while he crawls upon the Earth,
 Then shrinks to Earth again.

† Mr. Pope took this Hint from Homer, Book 5.

Apollo's Speech to Diomede.

O Son of Tydeus, cease! be wise and see
 How vast the Diff'rence of the Gods and Thee;
 Distance immense; between the Pow'rs that
 shine

Above, Eternal, Deathless, and Divine,
 And mortal Man! a Wretch of humble Birth,
 A short-liv'd Reptile in the Dust of Earth.

That *Woman* is a *Worm* we find,
 E'er since our *Gran'am's* *Evil*.
 She first convers'd with her own *kind*,
 That *Ancient Worm, the Devil.*

But whether *Man*, or *He*, *God* knows,
~~fecundified~~ her *Belly*,
 With that *pure Stuff* from whence we rose,
 The *Genial Vermicelli.*
 The *Learn'd* themselves, we *Book-Worms*,
 name :
 The *Blockhead*, is a *Slow-Worm* ;
 The *Nymph*, whose *Tail* is all on *Flame*,
 Is aptly term'd a *Glow-Worm*.

The

The Fops are painted Butter-Flies,

That flutter for a Day; with a zoom and a

First from a Worm they took their Rise, and a

Then in a Worm decay. and a

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows.

Some Worms suit all Conditions. and a

Misers are Muck-Worms, Silk-Worms Bears

And Death-Watches Physicians. and a

That Statesmen have a Worm is seen,

By all their winding Play. and a

Their Conscience is a Worm within, and a

That gnaws them Night and Day. and a

Ah!

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Ah! MOORE! thy Skill were well Employ'd,
And greater Gain you'd rise, were more Skill
If thou could'st make the Counters voided
The Worm that never Dies.

O Learned Friend of Ab-church-Lane,
Who sett'st our Entrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,
Since Worms shall Eat ev'n Thee.

Thou only canst our Fates adjourn,
Some few short Years, no more;
Ev'n But the Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

Very good
F I N I S.

MA

